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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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"Wait a minute," said Keating. "I'd like to hear from the Herald about its policy, if Miss Sherwood will tell us."
"Yes, indeed," she answered. "It will be very simple. Don't you think there



"Here's to our candidate!"

is only one course to pursue? We will advocate no one very energetically, but we will print as much of the truth about Mr. McCune as we can, with delicacy and honor, in this case; but as I understand it the work is almost all to be done among the delegates. We shall not mention our plan at all, and we will contrive that Mr. Harkless shall not receive his copy of the paper containing the notice of the change of date, and I think the chance of his seeing it in any *Rouen* paper may be avoided. That is all, I think."

"Thank you," said Keating. "That is certainly the course to follow."
Every one nodded or acquiesced in words, and Keating and Bence came over to Helen and engaged her in conversation. The others began to look about for their hats, vaguely preparing to leave.

"Wait a minute," said the judge. "There's no train due just now." And Minnie appeared in the doorway with a big pitcher of crab apple cider, rich and amber hued, sparkling, cold and redolent of the sweet smelling orchard where it was born. Behind Miss Briscoe came Mildy Upton with glasses and a fat, shaking, four storied jelly cake on a second tray. The judge passed his cigars around, and the gentlemen took them blithely, then hesitatingly held them in their fingers and glanced at the ladies, uncertain of permission.

"Let me get you some matches," Helen said quickly, and found a box on the table and handed them to Keating. Every one sat beaming, and fragrant veils of smoke soon draped the room.

"Why do you call her 'Miss Sherwood'?" Boswell whispered in Keating's ear.

"That's her name."
"Ain't she the daughter of that old fellow over there by the window? Ain't her name Flisbee?"

"No; she's his daughter, but her legal name's Sherwood. She's an adop'—"
"Great Scott! I know all about that. I'd like to know if there's a man, woman or child in this part of the country that doesn't. I guess it won't be Flisbee or Sherwood either very long. She can easy get a new name, that lady. And if she took a fancy to Boswell, why, I'm a buch'—"

"I expect she won't take a fancy to Boswell very early," said Keating.

"Go way," returned Mr. Boswell. "What do you want to say that for? Can't you bear for anybody to be happy a minute or two now and then?"

Warren Smith approached Helen and inquired if it would be asking too much if they petitioned her for some music, and she, went to the piano and sang some darky songs for them, with a quaint suggestion of the dialect. Two or three old fashioned negro melodies of Foster, followed by some rollicking modern imitations, with the movement and spirit of a tin shop falling down a flight of stairs. Her audience listened in delight from the first. But the latter songs quite overcame them with pleasure and admiration, and before she finished every head in the room was jogg'g' from side to side and forward and back in time to the music, while every foot shuffled the measures on the carpet.

When the gentlemen from out of town discovered that it was time to leave if they meant to catch their train Helen called to them to wait, and they gathered around her.

"Just one second," she said. And she poured all the glasses full to the brim. Then, as she stood in the center of the circle they made around her, she said:

"Before you go shan't we pledge each other to our success in this good home grown Indiana cider that leaves

our heads clear and our arms strong? If you will—then!" She began to blush furiously, and her voice trembled, but she lifted the glass high over her head and cried bravely, "Here's to our candidate!"

The big men, towering over her,

threw back their heads and quaffed the gentle liquor to the last drop. Then they sent up the first shout of the campaign and cheered till the rafters rang.

"My friends," said Mr. Keating as he and Boswell and the men from Gaines drove away from the brick house—"my friends, here is where I begin the warmest hustling I ever did. Now, I guess we all think this is a great plan."

"It is a glorious idea," said Mr. Bence. "The name of Harkless!"

Keating drowned the oratory: "But that isn't all. That little girl wants it to succeed, and that settles it. He goes."

That night Mr. Parker, at work in the printing office, perceived the figure of Mr. Tipworthy beckoning him mysteriously from the pavement.

"What's the matter, Buddie?"

"Listen. She's singin' over her work."

Parker stepped outside. On the pavement people had stopped to listen. They stood in the shadow, looking up with parted lips at the open, lighted windows whence came a clear, soft, reaching voice, lifted ineffably in song. Now it swelled louder unconsciously; now its volume was more slender, and it melted liquidly into the night; again it trembled and rose and dwelt in the ear, strong and pure, and bearing it you sighed with unknown longings. It was the "Angels' Serenade."

Bud Tipworthy's sister, Cynthia, was with him, and Parker saw that she turned from the window and that she was crying quietly. She put her hand on the boy's shoulder and patted it with a forlorn gesture which to the foreman's eye was as graceful as it was sad. He moved closer to Bud, and his big hand fell on Cynthia's brother's other shoulder as he realized that red hair could look pretty sometimes, and he wondered why the editor's singing made Cynthia cry, and at the same time he decided to be mighty good to Bud henceforth. The spell of night and song was on him; that and something more, for it is a strange, inexplicable fact that the most practical chief ever known to the Herald had a singularly sentimental influence over her subordinates from the moment of her arrival. Under Harkless' domination there had been no more steadfast bachelors in Carlow than Ross Schofield and Caleb Parker, and, like timorous youths in a graveyard, daring and mocking the ghosts in order to assuage their own fears, they had so gibed and jeered at the married state that there was talk of urging the minister to preach at them, but now let it be recorded that at the moment Caleb laid his hand on Bud's other shoulder his associate, Mr. Schofield, was enjoying a walk in the far end of town with a widow, and it is not to be doubted that Mr. Tipworthy's heart also was no longer in his possession, though, as it was after 8 o'clock, the damsel of his desire had probably long since retired to her couch.

For a faint light on the cause of these spells we must turn to a comment made by the invaluable Mr. Martin some time afterward. Referring to the lady to whose voice he was now listening in silence, which shows how great the entrancing of her voice was, he said, "When you saw her or heard her or managed to be around anywhere she was, why, if you couldn't git up no hope of marryin' her you wanted to marry somebody."

Mr. Lige Willetts, riding idly by, drew rein in front of the lighted windows and listened with the others. Presently he leaned from his horse and whispered to a man near him, "I know that song."

"Do you?" whispered the other.

"Yes, He and I heard her sing it the night he was shot. We stood outside Briscoe's and listened."

"So?"

"It's a seraphic song," he said, "continued Lige."

"No!" exclaimed his friend. Then, shaking his head, he sighed, "Well, it's mighty sweet."

The song was suddenly woven into laughter in the unseen chamber, and the lights in the windows went out, and a small lady and a tall lady and a thin old man, all three laughing and talking happily, came down and drove off in the Briscoe buckboard. William Todd took his courage between his teeth and the song ringing in his ears, made a desperate resolve to call upon Miss Bardlock that evening in spite of its being a week day, and Caleb Parker gently and stammeringly asked Cynthia if she would wait till he shut up the shop and let him walk home with her and Bud.

Soon the square was quiet as before, and there was naught but peace under the big stars of July.

That day the news had come that Harkless, after weeks of alternate improvement and relapse, hazily and lingeringly in the borderland of shadows, had passed the crucial point and was convalescent. His recovery was assured. But from their first word of him, from the message that he was found and was alive, none of the people of Carlow had really doubted. They are simple country people, and they know that God is good.

CHAPTER XII.

AN Indiana town may lie asleep a long while, but it always wakes up some time, and Plattville woke up in August, when the Herald became a daily. It was then that history began to be made. The Herald printed news, it had made a connection with the Associated Press, and it was sold every morning at stands in every town in that section of the state. Its circulation tripled. Two new men were brought from Rouen for the editorial and reportorial staff, and Parker talked of new presses. During the first week

REGATTA NOTES

ALL THE OFFICIAL NEWS



Watch This Space

Look Here and Keep Posted

Eleventh Annual Regatta, August 29-31

COMMITTEE:

- Herman Wise President
- Jos. W. Surprenant Vice-President
- Fred J. Johnson Secretary
- Albert Dunbar Treasurer
- Thos. Ryrie, August Nelson, F. R. Stokes
- J. H. Seymour, Norris Staples, C. R. Morse, J. S. Dellinger and E. Hauke.

President Wise and Treasurer Dunbar go to Portland tonight for the purpose of "watching out."

Mr. Roy Twombly has been appointed as stenographer and assistant secretary.

If you can't boost, don't knock.

The man with the iron will, who? Mayor Surprenant.

If the subscription committee misses you, don't feel hurt. Come around like a loyal volunteer and sign the Roll of Honor.

REGATTA NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Astoria Regatta Committee will not be responsible for any bills contracted by any person or persons unless accompanied by a requisition signed by the president and secretary, which requisition must be returned with the bill. All claims contracted must be presented to the committee within ten days from the order and the bills and claims will be paid on demand. By order of committee, FRED JOHNSON, Secretary. HERMAN WISE, Pres.

All persons having rooms or beds to rent during the regatta week, will please send the number of rooms and the price for each to the Secretary of the Regatta Committee. Sign your name and address for use on the room register.

Any subscriber to the fund having suggestions to offer is welcome to do so. Of course the various committees must finally act upon their best judgment.

Our Motto: "One for all, all for Astoria."

As soon as any feature is adopted, or anything of interest done, the public will be notified through these columns.

This must be a regatta for, of and by all the people.

of the daily venture Eph Watts struck oil, and the Herald boomed the field. People swarmed into town; the hotel was crowded; strangers became no sensation whatever. A capitalist bought the whole north side of the square to erect new stores, and the Carlow bank began the construction of a new bank building of Bedford stone on the corner opposite the Herald. Then it was whispered, next affirmed, that Main street was to be asphalted. That was the end of the "old days" of Plattville.

But the man who had laid the foundation upon which the new Plattville was to be built, he who through the quiet labor of years had stamped his spirit on the people, lay sick in his friend's house and did not care.

Tom Meredith had taken him from the hospital to his own home on a quiet street in Rouen, and John was well enough of his hurts to be taken abroad sometimes in a victoria, where he reclined, gray and thin, seemingly no more than a long afternoon shadow. But for days he would lie in a lethargy that made Tom despair. The soul of the country editor was sick inside of him; he was weary and worn, and pain had left him dulled, except when he thought of returning to Plattville; then he felt physical horror. The place did not need him, nor he the place. Flisbee had found a young relative to run the Herald, who signed his typewritten business letters "H. Flisbee" in a strapping hand that suggested six feet of muscle spattering ink on his shirt sleeves.

John wondered idly where old Flisbee had raked up a relative, and he thought it probable that H. Flisbee was a Yankee cousin of the old man, but he did not care much for that or for anything except to keep away from Carlow for the rest of his life, since he was to live. And there was no longer need to go there. He was glad to know that H. Flisbee had written him before the oil bubbled in Eph's wells that to buy stock in Mr. Watts' company might be profitable, especially as the stock was then so low that it was almost imperceptible, and Harkless had a little money he had saved. He let Meredith arrange it for him, and a few days later the stock leaped cloudward.

However, his modest riches interested him as little as did everything else. He left his bed less and less, took no more drives, and his lethargy deepened.

The only thing in which he showed interest was the congressional campaign of the district. It was far advanced before the Herald spoke of it at all, and Harkless saw that McCune had lifted his head.

One day Tom came in and found him writing on a pad on his knee.

Rouen, Sept. 2.

Dear Mr. Flisbee—Yours of the 1st to hand, I entirely approve all arrangements you have made. I think you understand that I wish you to regard everything as in your own hands. You are the editor of the Herald and have the sole responsibility for everything, including policy, until, after proper warning, I relieve you in

person, if that ever happens, but until that time regard me as a mere spectator. I do not fear that you will make any mistakes. You have done very much better in all matters than I could have done myself. At present I have only one suggestion: I observe that your editorials concerning Halloway's renomination are something lukewarm. It is very important that he be renominated, not so much on account of assuring his return to Washington (for he is no Madison, I fear), but the fellow McCune must be beaten if we have to send him to the penitentiary on an old issue to do it. The man is corrupt to the bone. He has been bought and sold, and I am glad the proofs of it are in your hands, as you tell me you found them, as directed, in my desk. The papers you hold drove him out of politics once by the mere threat of publication. You should have printed them last week, as I suggested. Do so at once; the time is short. The Herald is a little paper (not so little nowadays, after all, thanks to you), but it is an honest one, and it isn't afraid of Rod McCune and his friends. Please let me see as hearty a word as you can say for Halloway also. You can write with ginger. Please let us have some in this matter. I am, very truly yours, JOHN HARKLESS.

When the letter was concluded, he handed it to Meredith. "Please address that, put a 'special' on it and send it, Tom. It should go at once, so as to reach him tonight."

"H. Flisbee?"

"Yes—H. Flisbee."

"I believe it does you good to write, boy," said the other as he bent over him. "You look more chirrupy than you have for several days."

"It's that beast McCune. This young Flisbee is rather queer about it. I felt stirred up as I went along." But even before the sentence was finished the favor of age and utter weariness returned, and the dark lids closed over his eyes. They opened again slowly, and he took the other's hand and looked up at him mournfully; but, as it were, his soul's shone forth in dumb and eloquent thanks.

"I—I'm giving you a jolly summer, Tom," he said, with a quivering effort to smile. "Don't you think I am? I don't—I don't know what I should have done—"

"You old Indian!" said Meredith tenderly.

Three days later Tom was rejoiced by symptoms of invigoration in his patient. A telegram came for Harkless, and Meredith, bringing it into the sick room, was surprised to find the occupant sitting straight up on his couch without the prop of pillows. He was reading the day's copy of the Herald, and his face was flushed and his brow stern.

"What's the matter, boy?"

(To be continued.)

AT SEASIDE

The Morning Astorian is on sale at Lewis & Co's Drug Store and Morrison & Greenbaum's Cigar Store.

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A woman suffering from Eczema saved from despair by D. D. D.
After being afflicted with eczema for nearly twelve years, which affected my face and body, I began to despair for I had used numerous remedies without avail until a friend advised the use of the D. D. D. Remedy. I purchased a bottle of C. C. Kelly, a local druggist, and the effect was immediate. I have used but two bottles, yet my skin is as clear as the day I was born, and unless the disease recurs again I shall always be an advocate of the D. D. D. Remedy. You may use my name as a reference and it will be a pleasure to me to be of benefit to the people afflicted in the manner I was, by answering all inquiries in regard to your wonderful remedy.
MRS. JAMES AHRENS, Dixon, Ill., Jan. 7, '05.

We vouch for this--absolutely.
It has been proven to us beyond the possibility of a doubt that a new medication known as D. D. D. clears up the worst skin affections quickly. Its work seems astonishing, amazing, almost miraculous. (It is a specific formula which, because of its discovery by Dr. Decatur Dennis, is known as "D. D. D.") Its actual record sounds like a story of magic. But there is no room for doubt about it whatever; full proofs indisputable in every respect, have been submitted to us regarding hundreds of cases—among them the one case mentioned here of Mrs. Ahrens, who was cured in 21 days. The results are not only complete, but permanent; in this case it is now nearly two years since the disease was cleared out of the skin, and no taint of it has appeared since.
Each one of the known skin affections is parasitic in nature, and all of them have yielded to "D. D. D." The preparation is being used by most of the skin specialists. It is compounded for druggists solely by the D. D. D. Co., 70 Dearborn Street, Chicago. It is utilized by every family physician who has taken the trouble to investigate the work it is accomplishing. It is used in the Cook County Hospital, Chicago. It will clear away any parasitic break in the skin in from three days to sixty days time. Visit the undersigned and see proofs that will make you a happier human. \$1.00 buys the prescription—already made up in sealed bottles, with authentic label on each.
Charles Rogers, Druggist.